III.i.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:
And if we meete we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot daies, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword vpon the table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, we should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasel eyes: what eye, but such an eye wold spie out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarelles, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling: thou hast quareld with a man for coffing in the streete, becausse hee hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter, with another for tying his new shooes with olde riband, and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple, ô simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

Mer. And but one word with o
thing, make it a word and a blowe
Tib. You shall find me apt inoug
me occasion.
Mercu. Could you not take
uing?
Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou consorte
Mer. Consort, what doest thou
make Minstrels of vs, looke to hear
my fiddlesticke, heeres that shall m
sort.
Ben. We talke here in the publi
Either withdraw vnto some priuat
Or reason coldly of your greeuanc
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze
Mer. Mens eyes were made to l
I will not budge for no mans plea
Enter Rome
Tyb. Well peace be with you s
Mer. But ile be hangd sir if he
Marrie go before to field, heele b
Your worship in that sense may ca
Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare t
No better terme then this: thou art
Ro. *Tybalt*, the reason that I ha
Doth much excuse the appertaini
To such a greeting: villaine am I
Therefore farewell, I see thou kno
Tyb. Boy, this shall not excus
That thou hast done me, therefor
Ro. I do protest I neuer iniuried
But loue thee better then thou ca
Till thou shalt know the reason of
And so good *Capulet*, which name
As dearely as mine owne, be satisfi
Mer. O calme, dishonourable

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